THE

Triennial Mayor:

OR, THE

New Raparees.

A

POEM.

Conscius ipse sibi de se putat omnia dici.

Cato.

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THE
Triennial Magistrate:
OR, THE
New Raparees.

LOng had *Augusta* groan'd, as made a Prey
To byas'd Law, and Arbitrary Sway:
Her Priviledges *dwindling* every hour,
And Charters lost by a Despotick Power:

Her *Fame* debas'd, and ſad her Natives hearts,
And her Religion *maim'd in all its parts*;
When Providence, now willing to diſperſe
To the lov'd Garden *of the Univerſe*
Thoſe ſeeds of Mercy, which a fruit might bear
For heavenly Gueſts, to taſte with pleaſure there:
At laſt *Auragnio* ſent, Royal and Good,
A Prince that long our griefs had underſtood;
To quell our Foes, there wanted but his Name,
Who *Julius* like, juſt *ſaw, and overcame.*

Then ſoon the poſture of Affairs was turn'd,
Auguſta's drooping Sons no longer mourn'd.
Ill fated *Soveraignty* wants even the power,
It ſelf from Rabble Miſchiefs to ſecure;

But

But tamely left the Greatneſs he then wore
To thoſe whom he unjuſtly wrong'd before.
Amongſt the much oppreſs'd, then forc'd to wait
Upon the Chariot of Tyrannick State,
Prætorius was the firſt in publick known,
To fall a Victim to the Tyrants frown:
The City Rights he daring to maintain,
In oppoſition to the *Roman* ſtrain;
Which at that Seaſon bore impetuous ſway,
Or'eflowing all things happening in its way;
Injuſtice minding no paſt preſident,
Broke down all *Bounds*, and thô a Tribune, ſent
The **Champion** to Confinement; but in vain,
Their threats or force no ground of him could gain,
Neither in that, nor in the next ill Reign:

Thô

Thô beyond humane patience, then distres'd
By crushing Fines, insufferably pres'd;
His Noble Courage did their hate oppose,
And *Manly* Virtue tir'd his worst of Foes.
Thus fixt, a *Pillar* of his Countrey stood,
Asserting *English* Rights with *English* Blood.

But now the Sacred Ordinance of Heaven
Had heard our Cryes, and a new *Monarch* given,
Auragnio came, the happy Land to bless,
And free *Pretorius* from his long distress.
Virtue rewarded, now, does well appear,
By Legal Choice plac'd in *Augusta's* Chair.
The grateful people generously consent
To grant him a *Triennial Government*:

And

And to perform it, their Assembly draw,
To make Elections consequent to Law;
But the *New Raparees*, a headstrong Race,
As ever were indulg'd by Heavenly Grace,
Valuing their *private Faction* far above
The Nations quiet, or their Monarchs Love;
Still strove to wrest the Law to their design,
And alter even an Ordinance Divine:
And thô *Auragnio* in his Royal Breast,
Had often weigh'd each several Interest,
As oft with awful frowns bad 'em agree,
In Duty and fraternal amity;
Yet fiery discord in each heart takes place,
They forfeit their Allegiance for their Case;

Factions

Factions and Mutinies each day encrease,
And publick Fewds disturb the publick Peace;
The business of the Crown is laid aside,
To feed their Animosities, and Pride:
And thô by Law *the Magistracy*'s held,
They strive by Law to have the same repell'd:
With flowing Zeal, or rather Malice, blind,
They leave their Countrey and their *Church* behind;
That *Church* which they when maudlin vow'd to serve,
And in their Cups swore Dam 'em to preserve;
To struggle vainly with inervate spite,
And blast a Cause maintain'd by Legal Right:
The Legislative powers in vain peruse,

Th'ill

Th'ill penn'd Remonstrance of their *Saving Terms*,
As vainly shew of strife the brooding Ills,
The *Rapperees* are stubborn in their Wills,
Fixt to their Sentiments, resolv'd upon't,
Sworn to proceed, whatever harm comes on't.
And as I once a *Hieroglyphick* saw,
Where the feign'd Artist did a Monarch draw,
Driving a Nail, the point towards him full,
Into a Wainscot with his unarm'd Skull.
The Motto being, *Tho' my Brain lies bare,*
And Pate be mash'd, yet still it shall go there.
So they, tho' ne're so difficult it seem,

Resolve to drive the Tenter through the Beam:
To Civil discord Rally all their Powers,
Tho' the French *Army's drumming at our Doors.*
But amongst all that this high Act pursue,
The fiercest Agents are a *sullen few*;
That when the Charters by Dispensing Rules
Were taken, and the people sneak'd like Fools,
Were daily found most *generously* to give
That Freedom which *Pretorius* would retrieve.
And in pursuance of those Tenets now,
At Court their humble Supplications shew;
Of whom poor Crack-brain'd *Woolus* first appears,

With

With ſhaking Head, and Aſſes ample Ears,
Which as he talks he picks, elſe nothing comes
From the *Dubb'd* Mortal, but odd ha's and hums;
His Memory being ne're fit to diſcloſe
His Sence, till he has prob'd his Ears and Noſe;
Then with *Fag-ends* of News, and Prodigies
In State Affairs, which are *indeed, all Lies*:
Th' Harangue begins, but e're three words are ſaid
The Motion varies, and with *Jerking Head*,
Would by a Stranger well believ'd to be
A piece of Clock work fram'd by Geometry:
The words he ſays ſo few, and thoſe ſo Ill,

'Twould lay a scandal on the Almighty's Skill,
To have it thought the work of Providence,
Could make a Tongue to speak so *little sense*.
For as in Schools I oft have seen a Wretch,
Plagu'd with an Imperfection in his Speech;
The more he strove to make his Notions good,
The less he found his Jargons understood:
So he, the more he *Chatters* to his Friends,
The less the Hearer knows what he intends:
True Parent-dulness peacefully does place
Its Raign in his Hereditary Face;
A setled Paleness through his Progeny,

Who

Who for a 100 years wore not one Snout awry,
But were as well known by the *Nose and Jaw*,
As by the Lip the House of *Austria*:
For as I on a Turnep have observ'd
An awker'd *Phiz*, by Clumsie Artist Carv'd,
The Symetry Incongruous and Untrue,
And th' Nose set on as if 'twere with a Skrew;
Even so in Colour, Feature, and in Fame,
Woolus appear'd, so like 'twas thought the same:
But who's so wise to know his own Condition,
Woolus for all this is a Politician;
Ambitious to be thought *A Wight of Sense*,

In ſpite of Nature, or of Providence;
Buſie in Sects, in Self-opinion ſtrong,
And in, at all things, whether Right or Wrong;
No Plot without him can be call'd Intire,
As without my Lord *C----ns* Horſe no Fire;
Ready at Miſchief, diligent to do
Whatever his grave Maſters prompt him to;
Yet by his Party turn'd to Ridicule,
They his Projectors are, *and he their Fool*;
Yet Fate it ſeems brought *Woolus* to the Van,
And made him proud to be the leading Man;
Neglecting Shop and every weighty thing,

To

To go with's Party a Remonſtrating;
To baulk *Pretorius* in his Dignities,
And get themſelves the Name of *Rapparees*;
A Modeſt Title, for all thoſe delight
To foment feuds and hinder *Legal Right*.

Next him *Sylvanus* came with Awker'd Ayre,
And Sheepiſh look, who in the Tribunes Chair,
Once to *Auguſta's* great diſgrace had ſate,
To Act a drowſie, ſneaking Magiſtrate.
A Panick fear did ſtill his Heart controul,
A Pigmy Body, with a Waxen Soul,
Which by Cloſe Palming always would receive

Any

Any Impression the Court Seal would give:
Doz'd with his Doubts, and always led by th' Nose,
He never could discern his Friends from Foes;
He fill'd a place, but was unfit to rule,
Made only great to be made more a Tool;
Else when Commission Issued from on high,
To make him Colonel of Artillery,
They better might have given it to *Tom Thumb*,
More stout, and less afraid to hear a Drum:
But Providence who still defends the Just,
Knowing his stint of Soul informs the humane dust,

'Twas well it did, for he took all on truſt,
And had of Providence the ſelf ſame fear,
As of a *White-Hall* Privy Counſellour.

Yet hold my Muſe, draw thy Satyrick Reins;
For on my Conſcience, honeſt in the Main,
Sylvanus was, as any could appear,
Whoſe Soul was *loaded* ſtill with ſo much fear;
Tho there's a Maxime, by the learn'd held good,
That Cowards can't be honeſt if they would;
But the moſt fierce in this *Ambiguous* Matter,
Drugeſtus was, a weight deſign'd by Nature,
With horrid Clamours, and as dreadful *Phiz.*

To fright *Pretorius* from his Dignities,
Such flaming Envy in each Feature was,
As if his *Fiery Soul* had burnt his Face,
And given the World a pattern, to reveal
The Stigmatiz'd Effects of *Scalding Zeal*;
For cou'd that famous Matron that to *Saul*
Appear'd of Old, to obey his impious Call,
Plough'd with deep *Wrinckles* and variety;
Of *o'rworn Natures* worst deformity.
With Nose extended, and with Eyes *sunk in*;
Parch'd Cheeks and Lips, and a worm-*Eaten Chin*

Rise

Rise from her Tomb, in all her ugliest Dress,
Her Aspect would be beautiful to his.
And as I often upon *Hampsted-Heath*,
Have seen a *Fellon*, long since put to Death,
Hang Crackling, in the Sun, his Parchment Skin,
That to his Ear had *Shrivell'd up his Chin*;
With such a Look, so gastly and so tall,
I've noted fierce *Drugestus* at *Guild-Hall*,

Thus his *External Graces* you have view'd;
Now see with how much Grace his *Mind* is endew'd;
And note if Conscience does inform his Will,

As much as sordid *Passion* does his Zeal,
Soon his pretence to Conscience we can rout,
And in a **Bloody Jury** find him out;
Where Noble *Publius* worried was with Rogues,
As th' Saints of old, in *Bear-Skins*, were by Dogs.
Which barbarous Act the Senate so abhorr'd,
'Twas voted Murder, and the Blood restor'd.
If so, And on his sacred Life *Drugestus* fate,
What is he stil'd within the *Book of Fate.*
If Villany be prov'd by learn'd Consent,
Can he be honest that's an Agent in't.

We

We know the *byassed Law*, obscur'd the Sin,
And what is *Murder now*, *was Murder then*:
For how could Truth distress'd, free Justice have,
A Jury packed, *and every Judge a K*——
Yet he, Remorseless he, with Conscience sear'd,
Tho one oth' first, that in that *Cause appear'd*,
Well knowing 'tis *impossible to blush*,
Weighs the detested *Odium*, not a Rush;
But dares with Matchless Impudence avow,
That he is of the same Opinion now:
And could the *Horrid Fact* again be done,
Amongst the Hellish Jury would make one.

Thus

Thus Humane Mischiefs, when they've taken Root,
Like Weeds in Corn, are ne're to be got out;
But by a spreading rise of Soul Inur'd,
Grow to a *Habit*, and can ne'er be Cur'd.
More of his Humour too they never want,
Whom in their *Nicest Colours*, I could Paint;
Were the plain dealing Muse not loth to try
Her smarting Lash, upon *a point too high*.
Wholsom Reproof may well Reform an Age;
But when 'tis too severe, it turns too Rage,
And Rage in Satyr would as Senseless be,
As in his Tenets, our *late Reparer*.

Who

Who with his obstinate, tho subtle rout;
Invades the Chair, to thrust *Pretorius* out;
Tho from his Country, whom he Nobly serves,
And from his *Royal Master*, he deserves
The Dignity he weats, with Intereſt:
Of Subjects the most Loyal, *of Pretors much the best*;
The Noble Courage guides him to be Just;
Unswayed by Intereſt, Faithful to his Truſt;
A Champion for the People's Freedomes still;
Yet Rules by Law, not *Arbitrary Will*;
But Envy does the *Reparees* devour,
To see *Pretorius* in *Triennial* Pow'r,

Which

Which Honour, none of them e're singly won,
Nor e're had President, but *Whittington.*
And if the Kingdom's good they can Discuss,
And rise to Fame, as he did by his *Puss*;
They must *Purr* better than they have of late,
And better serve *their Monarch*, and the State.
Yet Love to their dear Country they pretend,
As well each Party too, to help a Friend;
'Mongst whom, *Brewalius* has the first Degree,
With *Symon* of the Linnen Laicy;
Of different Kidneys, tho they own a Truce,
Th' one slie and sleepy, *tother Proud and Spruce.*

Th' one *Tame and Sofily*, never fond of Chat,
But ſtill, and deep as any *Brewing Fat:*
The t'other brisk, and bant'ring like a Player;
A better Sheriff than he can be a Mayor.
Theſe two the *Raparees* in Cluſter'd Swarms
Reſolve to dignifie by force of Arms;
At leaſt it ſeems ſo, ſince their ſtubborn Will
Slights *Law* and *Juſtice*, that lyes open ſtill.
Pretorius Rules by Law, the Law lies fair;
And every Subject may have Juſtice there:
But *Mutiny* and *Slander* are the ways
The *Raparees* have found their Friends to raiſe;

Remonſtrances they to the Court ſtill give
More than 'tis poſſible they ſhould believe;
Who always weigh the Juſtice of the thing,
And beſt judge trueſt Service to the King.

What hope is there of Conquering our Foes,
When one another we each Day oppoſe?
When *Civil Broils* turn our Fraternal Peace
To Diſcontents, which every Hour encreaſe?
A ſpecious Cauſe for Enmity we grant,
And yet each owns the *Name of Proteſtant*;
As if poor Intereſt, or ſtubborn Will,

Were

Were the Foundations of *Religious Zeal*;
A Vice which, tho' 'tis common, is yet known
Pernicious for Christianity to own.

Not so, the Wise *Athenians*, they well knew
What to their Country, Wealth and Honour drew.
When *Solon* wrote, *Draconian* Laws did cease,
He taught 'em *Love*, *Community*, and *Peace*:
The jarring Parts he by his Reason made
To joyn, and to their Souls his Sense convey'd:
Taught 'em Obedience first, then Amity;
But his chief Maxim still was, —— *to Agree*:

Thus

Thus Arts and Arms, and Glory did encrease;
And *Athens* was Renown'd beyond all *Greece.*
But *Faulty Britain*, the Ingrateful Nurse
Of Civil Strife, is to her self a Curse:
The *Guelphs* and *Gibellines* are still alive,
And in our too much pamper'd Nation thrive;
We slight, what to our Countries Cause belongs,
In studying to revenge our *private* wrongs;
And rather than in vigorous War unite
Against our Foes, with our own *Neighbours* fight;
Like *Nero*, thus for Brutish Will provide,
And in our Mothers *Nakedness* take pride.

Sing

Sing on, my Muse, upon this great Extream,
Enlarge my Thought, and Influence my Theam:
That as *Amphion* with his Melody,
The *Theban* Walls, rais'd to August degree;
So *Healing Satyr*, in my honest Verse,
Curs'd Variance from the Factious may disperse.
Let no *Ill-blooded Raparee* think Wrong
Hid in the Lines of my Satyrick Song.
The Homely Muse, 'tis true, is plainly dress't,
Yet by the *Ancients* always thought the best:
And who himself within this *Mirrour* sees,
Finds what Instructs him, tho' it do's not please.

On *Amity* my Theam I still pursue,
A Blessing rich, as our Fore-fathers knew;
When every *Pious Patriarch* could see
A numerous People his own Progeny:
No Discords then oblig'd their *laughing* Foes,
Nor thoughts of envy'd Power amongst 'em rose.
Their Souls were easie, and their Hearts were kind;
Their *Laws* reciprocal, and Force combin'd:
Their Foes afraid of their united Powers,
Ne'er durst Invade, whilst Heav'n with kindly Showers
Of blest Content, show'd *Amity* and *Peace*,
The truest Scene of *distant* Paradice.

Ah,

Ah, *Britain!* if this Grace thy Sons could Arm,
What Pow'r were strong enough to do thee harm?
Thy plenteous Island which the Sea surrounds,
Like *Neptune's* Park, within whose happy Bounds,
The Noon-day Sun sees all that Providence,
With lavish hand could give to please the Sence;
Secure in her own Native Force could slight
The *Gallick* Insolence, and dare their Might.
But now whilst Feuds disturb our Envious Breasts,
Weakens our Powers, and poysons all our Rests.
Whilst open *Factions* sway within our Land,
Which rather should our Foreign Foes withstand;

And

And little Interests confound the great,
That our *Immortal* Glory should compleat;
Our Enemies may smile, whilst th' *English* seem
To strive at home, to fall a Prey to them;
VVhilst that *Blest Prince*, of never-dying Fame,
That to relieve our drooping Country came,
May think Old *England*'s boasted Fame a Cheat,
And that we only brawl at home, whilst neighb'ring
(Foes are great-

FINIS.